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SOMETHING RICH.

MY DEBUT AT THE BAR.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

My client was a respectable butcher: his opponent a well-to-do-farmer. On getting to the Court-house I found the court in session. The clerk was just reading the minutes. My *case*—I can well speak in the singular—was set the first on the docket for that morning. I looked around and saw old Kasm, who somehow had found out I was in the case, with his green bag and half a library of books on the bar before him. The old fellow gave me a look of malicious pleasure—like that of a hungry tiger from his lair, cast upon an unsuspecting calf browsing near him. I had tried to put on a bold face. I felt that it would be very unprofessional to let on to my client that I was at all scared, though my heart was running down like a jack-screw under a heavy wagon. My conscience—I had not practiced it away then—was not quite easy. I couldn't help feeling that it was hardly honest to be leading my client, like Falstaff his men, where he was sure to be peppered. But then it was my only chance; my bread depended upon it; and I reflected that the same thing had to happen to every lawyer's practice. I tried to arrange my ideas in form and excogiate a speech; they flittered through my brain in odds and ends. I could neither think nor quit thinking. I would lose myself in the first twenty words of the opening sentence, and stop at a particle;—the trail run clean out. I would start it again with no better luck; then I thought a moment of the disgrace of a dead-break-down; and then I would commence again with "Gentlemen of the jury" etc.; and go on as before.

At length the judge signed the minutes and took up the docket: "Special case—Higginbotham *vs.* Swink. Slander. Mr. Glendye for plaintiff; Mr. Kasm for defendant. Is Mr. G. in court? Call him, Sheriff." The Sheriff called three times. He might as well have called the dead. No answer, of course, came. Mr. Kasm rose and told the court that he was sorry his brother was too much [stroking his chin and looking down and pausing] indisposed, or otherwise engaged, to attend the case; but he must insist on its being disposed of, etc.: the court said it should be. I then spoke up, though my voice seemed to be *very* low down, and very hard to get it up,] that I had just been spoken to in the cause; I believed we were ready, if the cause must be then tried; but I should much prefer it to be laid over, if the court would consent, until the next day, or even that evening. Kasm protested vehemently against this; reminded the court of its peremptory order; referred to the former proceedings, and was going on to discuss the whole merits of the case, when he was interrupted by the judge, who, turning himself to me, remarked that he should be happy to oblige me, but that he was precluded by what had happened: he hoped, however, that the counsel on the other side would extend the desired indulgence; to which Kasm immediately rejoined that this was a case in which he neither asked favors nor meant to give them. So the case went on. several members of the bar had their hats in hand, ready to leave the room when the case was called up; but seeing that I was in it alone, suffered their curiosity to get the better of other engagements, and staid to see it out—a circumstance which did not diminish my trepidation in the least.

I had the witnesses called up, posted my client behind me in the bar, and put the case to the jury. The defendant had pleaded justification, and not guilty. I got along pretty well. I thought, on the proofs. The cross-examination of old Kasm didn't seem to me to hurt anything—though he quibbled, misconstructed and bullied mightily; objected to all my questions as leading, and all the witnesses' answers as irrelevant; but the judge, who don't like Kasm much, helped me along and over the bad places, occasionally taking the examination himself when old Kasm had got the statements of the witnesses in a fog.

I had a strong case; the plaintiff showed a good character: that the lodge of Masons had refused to admit him to fellowship until he could clear up these charges; that the Methodist Church, of which he was a class leader, had required of him to have these charges judicially settled; that he had offered to satisfy the defendant that they were false, and proposed to refer it to disinterested men, and to be satisfied—if they decided for him—to receive a written retraciton, in which the defendant should only declare he was mistaken: that the defendant refused this proffer, and reiterated the charges with increased bitterness and aggravated insult; that the plaintiff had suffered in reputation and credit; that the defendent had declared he meant to run him off and buy his land at his [defendant's] own price: and that defendant was rich, and often repeated his slanders at public meetings, and once at the church door, and, finally, *now justified*.

The defendant's testimony was weak, it did not controvert the proof as to the speaking of the words, or the matters of aggravation. Many witnesses were examined as to the character of the plaintiff; but those against us only referred to what they had heard since the slanders, except one, who was unfriendly. Some witnesses spoke of butchering hogs at night, and hearing them squeal at a late hour at the plaintiff's slaughter-house; and of the dead hogs they had seen with various marks, and something of hogs having been stolen in the neighborhood.

This was about all the proof.

The plaintiff laid his damage at $10,000.

I rose to address the jury. By this time a good deal of excitement had worn off. The tremour left, only gave me that sort of feeling which is rather favorable than otherwise to a public speaker.

I might have made a pretty good *out* of it, if I had thrown myself upon the merits of my case, acknowledged modestly my own inexperience, plainly stated the evidence and the law, and let the case go—reserving myself in the conclusion *for a splurge*, if I chose to make one. But the evil genius that presides over the first bantlings of all lawyerlings, would have it otherwise. The citizens of the town, and those of the country then in the village, had gathered in great numbers into the court house to hear the speeches; and I could not miss such an opportuniiy for display.

Looking over the jury, I found them a plain, matter-of-fact looking set of fellows; but I did not note, or probably know, a fact or two about them, which I found out afterwards.

I started, as I thought, in pretty good style. As I went on, however, my fancy got the better of my judgement. Argument and common sense grew tame. Poetry and declima tion, and at last, pathos and fiery invective, took their place. I grew as *quotatious* as Richard Swiveller. Shakspeare suffered. I quoted, among other things of less value and aptness, "He who steals my purse steals trash," etc. I spoke of the woful sufferings of my poor client, almost heart broken beneath the weight of the terrible persecution of his enemy; and, growing bolder, I turned on old Kasm, and congratulated the jury that the genius of slander had found an appropriate defender in the genius of chicane and malignity. I complimented the jury on their patience—on their intelligence—on their estimate of the value of character; spoke of the public expectation—of the feeling outside of the box which would welcome with thundering plaudits the righteous verdict the jury would render; and wound up by declaring that I had never known a case of slander so aggravated in the course of my practice at that bar; and felicitated myself that its grossness and barbarity justified my client in relying even upon the youth and inexperience of an unpracticed advocate, whose poverty of resources was unaided by opportunities of previous preparation. Much more I said that happily has now escaped me.

When I concluded, Sam Hicks and one or two other friends gave a faint sigh of applause—but not enough to make any impression.

I observed that old Kasm held his head down while I was speaking. I entertained the hope that I had cowed him! His usual port was that of cynical composure, or bold and brazen defiance. It was a special kindness if he only smiled in covert scorn: that was his most amiable expression in a trial.

But when he raised up his head I saw the very devil was to pay. His face was of a burning red. He seemed almost to choke with rage. His eyes were blood-shot, and flamed out fire and fury. His *queue* stuck out behind and shook itself stiffly, like a buffalo-bull's tail, when he is about making a fatal plunge. I had struck him between wind and water. There was an audacity in a stripling like me bearding him, which infuriated him. He meent to massacre me—and wanted to be a long time doing it. It was to be a regular *auto da fe*. I was to be the representative of the young bar, and to expiate his malice against all. The court adjourned for dinner. It met again, after an hour's recess.

By this time, the public interest, and especially that of the bar, grew very great. There was a rush to the privileged seats, and the sheriff had to command order—the shuffling of the feet and the pressure of the crowd forward was so great.

I took my seat within the bar, looked around with an affectation of indifference so belying the perturbation within that the same power of acting on the stage would have made my fortune on *that* theater.

Kasm rose—took a glass of water: his hand trembled a little—I could see that; took a pinch of snuff, and led off in a voice slow and measured, but slightly—very slightly tremulous. By a strong effort he had recovered his composure. The bar was surprised at his calmness. They all knew it was affected; but they wondered that he *could* affect it. Nobody was deceived by it. We felt assured "it was the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." I thought it would come down on me in a tempest, and flattered myself it would soon be over. But malice is cunning. He had no idea of letting me off so easily.

He commenced by saying that he had been some years in the practice. He would not say he was an old man: that would be in bad taste, perhaps. The young gentleman who had just closed his remaakable speech, harangue, poetic effusion, rigmarole, or whatever it might be called, if, indeed, any name could be safely given to this motely mixture of incongruous slang—the young gentleman evidently did not think he was an old man, for he could hardly have been guilty of such tank indecency as to have treated age with such disrespect—he would not say with such insufferable impertinence: and yet "I am," he continued, "of age enough to recollect, if I had charged my memory with so inconsiderable an event, the day of *his* birth, and then I was in full practice in this court-house. I confess though, gentlemen, I *am old* enough to remember the period when a youth's first appearance at the bar was not signilized by impertinence towards his seniors; and when public opinion did not think flatulent bombast and florid trash, picked out of fifth-rate romances and namby-pamby rhymes, redeemed by the upstart sauciness of a a raw popinjay, towards the inexperienced members of the profession he disgraced. And yet, to some extent, this ranting youth may be right: I am not old in that sense which disables me from defending myself *here*, by words, or *elsewhere*, if need be, by blows; and that this young gentleman shall right well know before I have done with him. You will bear in mind, gentlemen, that what I say is in self-defence—that I did not begin this quarrel—that it was forced upon me, and that I am bound by no restraints of courtesy, or of respect, or of kindness. Let him charge to the account of his own rashness and rudeness, whatever he receives in return therefor.

"Let me retort on this youth that he is a worthy advocate of his butcher client. He fights with the dirty weapons of his barbarious trade, and brings into his speech the reeking odour of his client's slaughter-house.

"Perhaps something of this congeniality commended him to the notice of his worthy client, and to this, his first retainer; and no wonder, for when we heard his vehement roaring, we might have supposed his client had brought his most unruly bull-calf into court to defend him, had not the matter of the roaring soon convinced us that the animal was more remarkable for the length of his ears, than even the power of his lungs. Perhaps the young gentleman has taken his retainer, and contracted for butchering my client on the same terms as his client contracts in his line—that is, on shares. But I think, gentlemen, he will find the contract a more dirty than profitable job. Or, perhaps, it might not be uncharitable to suggest that his client, who seems to be pretty well up to the business *of saving other people's bacon*, may have desired, as far as possible, to save his own; and, therefore, turning from members of the bar who would have charged him for their services according to their value, took this occasion of getting off some of his stale wares; for has not Shakspeare said—[the gentleman will allow me to quote Shakspeare, too, while yet his reputation survives *his* barborous mouthing of the poet's words]—he knew an attorney 'who would defend a cause for a starved hen, or leg of mutton fly-blown.' I trust, however, whatever was the contract, that the gentleman will make his equally worthy client stand up to it; for I should like that on one occasion it might be said the excellent butcher *was made to pay for his swine*.

"I find it difficult, gentlemen, to reply to any part of the young man's effort, except his argument, which is the smallest part in compas, and, next to his pathos, the most amusing. His figures of speech are some of them quite good, and have been so considered by the best judges for the last thousand years. I must confess, that as to these, I find no other fault than that they were badly applied and ridiculously pronounced; and this further fault, that they have become so commonplace by constant use, that, unless some new vamping or fecility of application be given them, they tire nearly as much as his originnl matter—*videlicit*, that matter which being more ridiculous than we have ever heard before, carries internal evidence of its being his own. Indeed, it was never hard to tell when the gentleman recurred to his own ideas. He is like a catbird—the only intolerable discord she makes being her own notes—though she gets on well enough as long as she copies and cobbles the songs of other warblers.

"But, gentlemen, if this young orator's argument was amusing, what shall I say of his pathos? What farce ever equalled the fun of it? The play of 'The Liar,' probably, approached nearest to it—not only in the humor—but in the veracious character of the incidents from which the humor comes. Such a face—so wo begone, so whimpering, as if the short period since he was flogged at school, [probably in reference to those eggs falsely charged to the hound puppy,] had neither obliterated the remembrance of his juvenile affliction, nor the looks he bore when he endured it.

"There was something exquisite in his pictures of the woes, the wasting grief of his discoutolate client, the butcher Higginbotham, mourning—as Rachel mourned for *her* children—for his character, *because it was not*. Gentlemen, look at him! Why, he weighs twelve stone *now*! He has three inches of fat on his ribs this minute! He would make as many links of sausage as any hog that ever squealed at midnight in his slaughter-pen, and has lard enough in him to cook it all. Look at his face! why, his chops remind a hungry man of jowls and greens. If this is a snadow, in the name of propriety, why didn't he show himself, when in flesh, at the last fair, beside the Kentucky ox; that were a more honest way of making a living than stealing hogs. But Hig is pining in grief! I wonder the poetic youth—his learned counsel—did not quote Shakspeare again. 'He never told his'—wo—'but let concealment, like the worm i' the bud, prey on his damask cheek.' He looked like patience on a monument smiling at grief—or beef I should rather say. But, Gentlemen, probably I am wrong; it may be that this tender-hearted, sensitive butcher, was lean before, and, like Falstaff, throws the blame of his fat on sorrow and sighing, which 'has puffed him up like a bladder. [Here Higginbotham left in disgust.]

"There, gentlemen, he goes, 'larding the lean earth as he walks along.' Well has Doctor Johnson said: 'Who kills fat oxen should himself be fat.' Poor Hig! stuffed like one of his own blood-puddings, with a dropsical grief which nothing short of ten thousand dollars of Swink's money can cure. Well, as grief puffs him up, don't wonder that nothing but depleting another man can cure him.

"And now, gentlemen, I come to the blood and thunder part of this young gentleman's harangue: empty and vivid; words, and nothing else. If any part of his rigmarole was windier than any other part, this was it. He turned himself into a cascade, making a great deal of noise to make a great deal of froth: tumbling, roaring, foaming: the shallower it ran all the noiser it seemed. He fretted and knitted his brows; he beat the air and he vociferated, always emphasising the meaningless words most loudly; he puffed, swelled out and blowed off, until he seemed like a new bellows, all brass and wind. How he mouthed it—as those villainous stage-players, ranting out fustian in a barn-theater mimicing—'Who steals my purse steals trash.' I (I don't deny it.) 'Tis something, [query?] 'nothing,' [exactly]. 'Tis mine; 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands—but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enricheth him' [not in the least] 'but makes me poor, indeed;' [just so, but whether any poorer than before he parted with the encumbrance, is another matter.]

"But the young gentleman refers to his youth. He ought not to reproach us of maturer age in that indirect way: no one would have suspected it of him, or him of it; if he had not told it: indeed, from hearing him speak, we were prepared to give him credit for almost *any length of ears*. But does not the youth remember that Grotius was only seventeen when he was in full practice, and that he was Attorney-general at twenty-two; and what is Grotius to this greater light? Not the burning of my smoke-house to the conflagration of Moscow!

"And yet, young Grotius tells us in the next breath, that he never knew such a slander in the course of his practice? Wonderful, indeed! seeing that his practice has all been done within the last six hours. Why, to hear him talk, you would suppose he was an old Continental lawyer, grown gray in the service. H-i-s p-r-a-c-t-i-c-e! Why, he is just in his legal swaddling clothes! His PRACTICE!! But I don't wonder he can't see the absurdity of such talk. How long does it take one of the canine tribe, after birth, to open his eyes?

"He talked, too, of *outside* influence; of the *public* expectations, and all that sort of Demagogueism. I observed no evidence of any great popular demonstrations in his favor, unless it be a tailor I saw stamping his feet; but whether that was because he had sat cross legged so long he wanted exercise, or was rejoicing because he had got orders for a new suit, or *prospect of payment for an old one*, the gentleman can possibly tell better than I can. [Here Hicks left.] However, if this case *is* to be decided by the populace *here*, the gentleman will allow *me* the benefit of a writ of error to the regimental muster, to be held, next Friday, at Reinhert's distillery.

"But I suppose he meant to frighten *you* into a verdict, by intimating that the mob, frenzied by his eloquence, would tear you to pieces if you gave a verdict for defendant; like the equally eloquent barrister out west, who, concluding a case, said, "Gentlemen, my client are as innocent of stealing that cotting, as the sun at noonday, and if you give it agin him, his brother, Sam Ketchins, next muster, will maul every mother's son of you.' I hope the Sheriff will see to his duty and keep the crowd from you, gentlemen, if you should give us a verdict!

"But, gentlemen, I am tired of winnowing chaff; I have not had the reward paid by Gratiano for sitting *his* discourse: the two grains of wheat to the bushel. It is all froth—all wind—all bubble."

Kasm left me here for a time, and turned upon my client. Poor Higginbotham caught it thick and heavy. He wooled him, then skinned him, and then took to skinning off the under cuticle. He never skinned a beef so thoroughly. He put together all the facts about the witness hearing the hogs squealing at night; the different marks of the hogs; the losses in the neighborhood; perverted the testimony and supplied omission, until you would suppose, on hearing him, that it had been fully proved that poor Hig had stolen all the meat he had ever sold in the market. He asseverated that this suit was a malicious conspiracy between the Methodists and Masons to crush his client. But all this I leave out, as not bearing on the main *subject*—myself.

He came back to me with a renewed appetite. He said he would conclude by paying his valedictory respects to his juvenile friend—as this was the last time he ever expected to have the pleasure of meeting him.

"That poetic young gentleman had said, that by your verdict against his client, you would blight forever his reputation and that of his family—'that you would bend down the spirit of his son, and dim the radiance of his blooming daughter's beauty.' Very pretty, upon my word! But, gentlemen, not so fine, not so poetical by half, as a precious morceau of poetry which adorns the columns of the village newspaper, bearing the initials J. C. R. As this admirable production has excited a great deal of applause in the nurseries and boarding schools, I must beg to read it, he has already seen it: but for the entertainment of the jury. It is addressed to R*** B***, a young lady of this place. Here it goes."

Judge my horror when, on looking up, I saw him take an old newspaper from his pocket, and, pulling down his spectacles, begin to read off, in a stage-actor style, some verses I had written for Rose Bell's album. Rose had been worrying me for sometime to write her something. To get rid of her importunities, I had scribbled off a few lines and copied them in that precious volume. Rose, the little fool, took them for something clever, (she never had more than a thimble full of brains in her doll-baby-head)—and was so tickeled with them, that she got her brother Bill, then about fourteen, to copy them off, as well as he could, and take them to the printing-office. Bill threw them under the door; the printer, as big a fool as either not only published them, but in his infernal kindness, puffed them in some critical commendations of his own, referring to the "gifted author" as "one of the most promising of the younger members of our bar."

The fun, by this time, grew fast and furious. The country people, who have about as much sympathy for a young town lawyer, badgered by an old one, as for a young cub beset by curs; and who have about as much idea or respect for poetry as for witchcraft, joined in the mirth with the glee.—They crowded around old Kasm, and stamped and roared as at a circus. The Judge and Sheriff in vain tried to keep order. Indeed, his honor *smiled out loud once* or twice; and, to cover his retreat, pretended to cough, and fined the sheriff for not keeping silence in court. Even the old clerk, whose immemoaril pen behind his right ear had worn the hair from that side of his head, and who had not smiled in court for twenty years, and boasted that Patrick Henry could't disturb him in making up a judgment entry, actually turned his chair from the desk and *put down* his pen; afterwards he put his hand to his head three times in search of it; forgetting, in his attention to old Kasm, what he had done with it.

Old Kasm went on reading and commenting by turns. I forgot what the ineffable trash was. I wouldn't recollect it if I could. My equanimity will only stand a phrase or two that still lingers in my memory, fixed there by old Kasm's ridicule. I had said something about "my bosom's anguish"—about the passion that was consuming me; and, to illustrate it, or to make the line jingle, put in something about "Egypt's Queen taking the Asp to her bosom"—which, for the sake of rhyme or metre, I called the "venomous worm"—how the confounded thing was brought in, I neither know or want to know. When old Kasm came to that, he said he fully appreciated what the young bard said—he believed it. He spoke of the venomous *worms*. Now, if he (Kasm) might presume to give the young gentleman advice, he would recommend Swain's Patent Vermifuge. He had no doubt that it would effectually cure him of his malady, his love, and last, but not least, of his rhymes—which would be the happiest passege in his eventful history.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I had borne it to the last point of human endurance. When it came only to skinning, I was there; but when he showered down aquafortis on the raw, and then seemed disposed to rub it in, I fled. *Abii, erupti, evasi.* The last thing I heard was old Kasm calling me back, amidst the shouts of the audience—but no more.

* * * * *

The next informotion I received of the case, was in a letter that came to me at Natchez, my new residence, from Hicks, about a month afterwards, telling me that the jury (on which I should have stated old Kasm had got two infidels and four anti-masons) had given in a verdict for defendant: that before the court adjourned, Frank Glendye had got sober, and moved for a new trial, on the ground that the verdict was against evidence, and that the plaintiff had not had justice, *by reason of the incompetency of his counsel, and the abandonment af his cause;* and that he got a new trial, (as well ne should have done.)

☞Suppose *General Scott* were the *Democratic*, and *General Pierce* the *Whig*, candidate, good heavens! how would the Democrats not ride over us!—What terrible war-horse would they bestride! With what ineffable scorn and contempt would they not overwhelm our fainting Hero! Let us imagine, if possible, a few of the Enquirer's paragraphs, in that contingency:

"Pierce and Scott! Good God—was 'there ever such a contrast! They infatu-'ated Whigs are surely moon-struck!—'Fatuity and folly could no farther go. 'Did they really suppose that any intelli-'gent patriot, grateful for great services, 'could a moment hesitate which to choose? 'Scott, the most illustrious and brilliant 'Hero this country has produced—a man 'who was a giant in the days of giants—'the *cleve* of Jefferson—the friend and 'confident of those pure Republicans, 'Madison and Monroe;—the man who 'rushed to the battle field at the first sound 'of foreign invasion—and who perilled his 'life and poured out his blood for the glory 'and independence of his country;—the 'man, whose great DEEDS in war and 'peace, fill the earth with their renown. 'Contemplate him from his his earliest ca-'reer. When a mere boy, we find him 'animating his countrymen to resist an in-'solent foreign foe, and drilling, and 'disciplining, and leading raw troops to 'the rout and confusion of Wellington's 'Invincibles. We see him on the plains 'of Chippewa leading his victorious col-'umns, and of for the first time in a thou-'sand years, routing superior forces the 'English at the point of the bayonet. A-'gain, on the bloody heights of Lundy's 'Lane, we behold him surpassing the most 'glorious feats in the records of chivalry—'and covering himself and his country with 'eternal honor. Riddled with British bul-'lets, when borne wounded and bleeding 'from the field of fame, his fame, his fare-'well exhortation to his comrades, was to '"*Charge again!*" His mighty achieve-'ments in that trying night extorted from 'his commanding General the well merited 'compliment, that he deserved the highest 'honors a grateful country could bestow.—'No fainting! No tumbling from horse 'back—save when his horse was shot un-'der him—and then he rose more furious 'and terrible than ever.

"No less wise, sagacious prudent and comprehensive in negociations than daring in war, in all the most delicate and serious domestic difficulties which has arisen since, he has been employed by the great men who filled the Presidential chair. The mighty and omnipotent Jackson—the greatest and best—who knew men by instinct, entrusted to him the adjustment of that startling difficulty with South Carolina—by which the pillars of the Union were threatened with subversion. His prudence and his tact saved the Republic from civil war and dismemberment. Van Buren, Jackson's beloved successor, employed him to preserve the peace of the country on the Canadian frontier and again in the difficulties growing out of the Maine boundary. His great abilities were equal to every emergency. In all the great enterprises, whether of peace or war, in which, during the last forty years, he has been engaged, he has always been successful—thus surpassing even the fortune for which Cicero glorified Pompey. He had known no defeat, no reverses; his career has been one of glorious triumphs to himself and of invaluable services to his beloved country.

"And Pierce! who is he? Where did he come from? What did he ever do?—Where are his achievements in the cabinet or the field? Where are his dispatches, his speeches, his measures? Where are his victories and where are the grave-yards of his enemies? Echo answers where. His federal partizans brought him out as a great General; he went to the wars and was cried up as the hero of Mexico. But what did he do? What battle did he win? The records and his own letters prove that he never was in battle. He fell from his horse before he got his brigade into position at Contreras—he kept his tent next morning until after the enemy was routed. He then got well enough to join in the pursuit; but as soon as the enemy was overtaken, he fainted and fell! A pretty hero that! Again; on the 12th September, at Molino del Rey, when ordered to make a movement which would place him "immediately under the guns of Chepultepec," he was taken suddenly ill and was compelled to leave the field. He kept his bed next day, while the battle raged; but on the morning of the 14th, as soon as the fighting was over, he reported himself for duty. A proper General that!

"But his infatuated partisans say he is an accomplished civilian! Accomplished indeed! Where are the proofs of it? Where are his speeches?—What great measure did he ever originate? What enlarged and comprehensive system of policy did he ever support?

As the great J. Randolph said on another occasion, "*You cant put your finger on his services.*" And where does he come from? From Yankee land—the land of Federalists and blue lights His father before him was an old-fashioned John Adams-Sedition-law-Federalist—who voted to prohibit a Republican preacher from saying prayers before the New Hampshire Legisleture, because he would not pray for the health of his Majesty, King John I.—Like ben, like chick! And what do his party know of him? What does Isaac Hill, the man who raised him, say about him? Did'nt he call him a heartless attorney, cold as a frozen frog? Did'nt he say he "*does worse than make merchandize of the laws, and oppress and ruin his neighbors for the sake of gain?*" What sort of a President is that for this great Democratic country? A sharking attorney!—What did the illustrious John Randolph say about such characters? Hear him:—"*If I must have a master, give me one whom I can respect, rather than a* KNOT OF KNAVISH ATTORNEYS." But what more did Isaac Hill say? We like to quote from his own party. Hear him.

What would Frank Pierce have been in New Hampshire if he had not been helped by the influence of Isaac Hill? This man, who has repeatedly disgraced himself and State at Washington by his drunken sprees, and who, although now President of the New Hampshire Temperance Society, within the last few weeks has proved that he has not forgotten his old habits; this man who resigned his office of Senator for a few months before the close of the session for the purpose of taking up the business of pettifogging and increasing law suits and expenses of litigation at the capital of the State (see his writ in another place,) this man who condemns radical tests in some places and supports and defends radical tests in other places; this man, who helped John P. Hale and Charles Lane to plunder the Treasury at Washington of thousands of dollars; this man who has subscribed his name to hundreds of electioneering letters by writing "F. Pierce," as a Senator of Congress, repeating a *lie* every time he thus writes it, that he now *is* what he *is not;* this man has recently in effect, repeated the charge from a lying tongue perhaps for the hundredth time, that the opposition to Henry Hubbard in this State originates in the promise of Isaac Hill made at Washington to sell the State of New Hampshire as a consideration for a contract for blanks, wrapping paper and twine!"

"He *knows* the charges he makes against Isaac Hill to be a base misrepresentation and falsehood," &c.

"Here we have this great Federal chief charged by his own party with disgraceful drunkenness—with aiding in the plunder of the Treasury, with pettifogging, with political duplicity, and with deliberate falsehood. And lately, we hear, that he had his jaws slapped at a card table in Mexico. Good gracious! What are we coming to? A fainting hero—a slapped-jawed Yankee—a Freesoil pettifogger aspiring to the seat of Washington and Jackson! Oh monstrous infatuation! Do the deluded Whigs for a moment imagine that the freemen of this country—the chivalrous, State Rights Republicans of Virginia, would submit to be governed by such a Ruler?—Their object must be to bring Republican

institutions into contempt and ridicule.—They must be restrained. Their folly must be checked. The Republic must be saved—the Government must be protected from disgrace and dissolution."

THE HERALD.

BARDSTOWN:

THURSDAY, - - OCTOBER 21.

☞ All Communications addressed to the Editor must be pre-paid.

☞ Single copies of the HERALD for sale at the Office. Price, 5 cents

WHIG TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

For Vice President,

WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.

Electors for the State at Large.

JOSHUA F. BELL,
Of Boyle.

CHARLES S. MOREHEAD,
Of Franklin.

District Electors.

1st District—	Lucien Anderson, of Graves.	
2d	do	J. S. M'Farland, of Daviess.
3d	do	John G. Rogers, of Barren.
4th	do	Tho. E. Bramlette, of Adair.
5th	do	John L. Helm, of Hardin.
6th	do	C. F. Burnam, of Madison.
7th	do	John Redman, of Oldham.
8th	do	Th. F. Marshall of Woodford.
9th	do	Leander M. Cox, of Fleming.
10th	do	T. B. Stevenson, of Mason.

DR. R. J. BRECKINRIDGE, Superintendent of Public Instruction, delivered an address at the Baptist church last Monday to a large audience on the subject of Common Schools. The speech was not a labored effort at rhetorical display, but a plain, lucid and very interesting account of the past progress, present condition and exigencies of Common School education in Kentucky. The expansion of the system had been very rapid, especially within the last five years, and the last report showed that shools had been provided for nearly all the children in the commonwealth. But it had been chiefly supported by private tuition money, the fund created by the State being entirely inadequate. Under these circumstances the act of the last Legislature, taking away from the Trusters of the schools the power of enforcing the payment of the private portion of the fund for paying teachers and defraying expenses, had put the whole system in imminent peril. An experiment was now in progress which in a year or two would decide whether or not the system can get along on the principle of purely voluntary contribution in aid of the school fund. He greatly apprehended that this experiment would fail and in that case the people of Kentucky would be brought right up to the issue of either abandoning the system altogether or of raising by taxation a yearly income sufficient for its support. He, for one, never could consent to let the system perish, and he believed the people agreed with him that it would be better to raise the whole amount necessary by taxation than to suffer the children of the comonwealth to grow up in ignorance. He showed from the Auditor's report the startling fact that, making all fair allowances, there must be nearly *one hundred thousand children* in Kentucky, of ages suitable to go to school, whose parents were unable to give them any education. Such a mass of ignorance was frightful to contemplate; such a number of minds that might be useful, and add greatly to the prosperity and glory of the commonwealth, must not be allowed to slumber in a living death. There was nothing that the people of Kentucky had so frequently and clearly decided by their votes as that the common school system should be upheld, and he could not believe that after so many efforts and sacrifices and such encouraging progress, they would now suffer it to perish. He in conclusion particularly urged upon the people of Bardstown to establish Common Schools upon the plan of voluntary contribution, with the aid they would thereby secure from the State, and prevent the youth of the place from growing up in idleness, ignorance and vice, and we trust his wise counsel will be heeded and acted upon promptly.

HON. J. F. BELL, Whig candidate for State Elector, having spoken at Shepherdsville on Tuesday, and having an appointment for Thursday at Taylorsville, was induced by invitation of some of our citizens to take Bardstown in his route and favor us with an address on Wednesday, on which day he happened to have no engagement elsewhere. We were fearful that at such short notice it would be difficult to get a crowd together, especially just after the adjournment of an ecclesiastical assemblage, whose debates and religious services had occupied the time of a considerable portion of our population for several days. We were agreeably disappointed. The Court House was crowded during the whole time Mr. BELL was speaking, which was about two hours, and we speak in all soberness and candor, when we say that we have never seen an assembly more delighted and enthusiastic. The speech was glorious and most rapturously received. It was full of clear and forcible reasoning, fervid appeals to patriotic feeling, humor and apt illustration, and some passages were of the loftiest style of genuine eloquence.—Hurrah for our *Candidate*, our *Cause*, and our *Champions!*

☞ By the kindness of Rev. S. S. McRoberts we are enabled to publish the following synopsis of the proceedings of the Synod of Kentucky at its late session in Bardstown:

The Synod of Kentucky.

The Synod of Kentucky met in Bardstown on Wednesday, October 13th, at 7 o'clock, and in the absence of the Moderator was opened with a sermon by J. C. Bames.

Dr. J. D. Matthews was elected Moderator, and R. A. Johnston, Temporary Clerk. Owing to exaggerated rumors of the prevalence of cholera in this place the Synod was unusually small—only between fifty and sixty members and near one half of them of the Presbytery of Louisville.

The subject which occupied the most time of the Synod and elicited the deepest interest was the New Albany Seminary, which has hitherto been under the control of the Seven Western Synods. It was voted to transfer the Seminary to the Assembly, and a committee was appointed to present and urge its acceptance. In view of the transfer the Synod declined to nominate a Professor, but authorized the Trustees of the Theological Fund to appropriate the proceeds of the Fund for any additional instruction which may be necessary until the transfer is made. The committee appointed last year to nominate a Professor, nominated Dr. E. P. Humphrey, and it was recommended to the Board of Directors to procure his services for any additional instruction which may be necessary.

The Reports from Centre College showed the College to be in a highly prosperous condition, both as to the number of students and the state of the funds. The number of students is near two hundred, and the funds amount to $74,220, yielding 6 per cent. interest.

The boundary line between the Presbyteries of Ebenezer and West Lexington was so changed as to transfer Cynthiana to the Presbytery of West Lexington and the church of Crittenden to that of Ebenezer.

The petition of the Paris church to be transferred to the Presby of West Lexington was not granted.

A petition for the division of the Presbytery of Muhlenburg was laid on the table.

The complaint of certain members of the Hopkinsville church against the Presbytery of Muhlenburg for dissolving the pastoral relation of B. H. M'Cown was dismissed for want of prosecution.

The appeal of E. Bradshaw, an Elder of the Hopkinsville church, who had been suspended and deposed, was reversed and he restored to his original rights.

The case of W. F. Hill, of Shelbyville, was called up, but was left, where left by the Presbytery of Louisville, he being excluded from the privileges of the Church.

The members having been very kindly and hospitally entertained by the citizens of Bardstown, the following vote of thanks was unanimosly adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of Synod are due and are hereby tendered to the citizens of Bardstown for their hospitality to the members of Synod and to the members of the Methodist and Baptist churches for the use of their houses of worship.

Synod adjourned on Monday night to meet in Danville next year, on the 2d Wednesday in October.

S. S. McROBERTS,
Stated Clerk.

☞ There will be a great *Whig Barbecue and Mass Meeting* at Lebanon on Saturday the 23d instant. We have been kindly invited and regret that we cannot be present on the occasion.

WOOD.

All those who have promised to pay us *Wood* for their subscription, will please haul it in immediately.

For the Herald.

BARDSTOWN, Oct., 18th, 1852.

Mr. JAMES D. NOURSE,—Dear Sir:—Since the publication of your last paper I have heard that the reports which are put in circulation in regard to my not teaching in the Bardstown Female Academy, originated from some statements which the Rev. J. V. Cosby made, and as the gentleman has refused to have an interview, or even to answer a letter, which I wrote him on the subject, I think it due to myself and family to make a fair statement of the whole transaction and lay it before the public, through the medium of your paper.

On the 23d of August last, I received the following note from Rev. J. V. Cosby, without my having by any word or action solicited the same, to-wit:—

"Mr. SCHAUB: Will you take charge of the musical department, piano, in the Academy for the ensuing term at the rate of $600. If you will, say so this evening, if it be possible. I have desired to see you all day, but have been prevented by other engagements; and my reason for desiring an immediate reply is that I expect to leave town early in the morning. So, you will please excuse haste, brevity and all other excusable things connected with my note.

Respectfully, J. V. COSBY.

P. S. If you say yes, consider the engagement made. I will be responsible for the salary as above specified."

The above note I received late on the evening of the 23d of August, and sent him the following reply the same evening:

Rev. J. V. COSBY:—I am willing to take charge of the Piano class in your school at the salary you propose, but I would prefer for you to state the number of scholars you wish me to teach for the amount. Respectfully,

G. SCHAUB.

After Mr. Cosby had received my note he came down to my house and told me that he expected me to teach twenty scholars for the salary, with which I was satisfied. I then asked him, what should be done supposing he should have more than twenty, to which he replied, that I would be paid for them, for example, if I had forty scholars I would get $1200; but, said he, we can talk over that part afterwards, you just consider the contract made, I am responsible to you for the $600, any how. With this he left me and I did not see him again until the night before I was going to Louisville, for the purpose of purchasing music, which I knew I would need during the term that I was (as I thought) engaged in the Academy. At that night nothing was said in regard to our contract on either side. I went to Louisville, bought music, and after I had come back I drew up a writing similar to that which I had with other principals of schools, and which, as I will prove in this communication, was nothing else than Mr. Cosby's own proposition. The contents of the paper were as follows: I was to take charge of the Piano class in his school and teach twenty, or any lesser number of scholars for $600 for one year and for every scholar above the number specified by the gentleman himself. I was to get pay for in the same proportion, and if either of us should wish to discontinue our contract we were to give two months notice to the other, before the session closed.

This is the paper which I presented to Mr. Cosby for consideration and which I, in the latter portion of this communication, will prove is nothing but the gentleman's own proposition.

I gave Mr. Cosby the paper on Friday evening, before the school began, which he read over, and I told him then that that was the way I had understood his proposal. He told me that he would read it over again that night and give it to me next morning, excusing himself, as he had to preach that night.—I left him and did not go back to see him until the Monday, when the school began, at which time I could not speak with him on our business, he being engaged with some gentlemen, and I told him I would come back the next morning. Tuesday morning I went for the purpose of beginning to teach. Mr. Cosby came in the parlor and told me, that he had only nine music scholars, eleven boarders and about 37 scholars and he did not think it would be worth the trouble to begin to teach, but I had better wait a week, until all the scholars were in and then I could begin. During our conversation he told me that he did not think he could keep up the school at all if it did not increase within a week, that he had lost money enough already, but said he, this will make no difference to you, you can hold me responsible any way. I told him then, that if he would have to give up the school or could not get scholars enough, I, of course, would not hold him responsible for his contract. After which I left him and did not return until the Tuesday following, but Mrs. Cosby began to teach in the meantime.

I again went to see him on the Tuesday in the second week after the school had began. He told me that he had some 13 or 14 music scholars, and he thought some of his patrons were acting very strangely in not letting their children take lessons on account of Mrs. Cosby's teaching, and it seemed to him that he was to be forced into measures, what measures I can not say, and he did not like it all. He seemed to talk as if he was entirely discouraged about his school, though I believe he had somewhere about 50 scholars and from 20 to 25 boarders. I then stated to him the situation in which I was placed, by his not complying with his contract, that he would cause me to lose some $700 or $800, and that it was then too late for me to take any other offers which I had when he sent me his first note, and I wished he and Mrs. Cosby would see at once how many scholars they had and send me word, as I had not the least doubt we could get 20 scholars, and if we did not get them we could come to some final conclusion about it. At dinner I received the following note:

"Mr. SCHAUB:—I have had an interview with Mrs. Cosby with reference to the music class, and my final conclusion is that, for the present term I will continue her in the department.

Yours, &c.,
J. V. COSBY."

Here he sends me word, without any excuse whatever, that he does not want me at all! I expect he thought it was not necessary to tell me the reason, but I can assure him, that if I wished to, I could hold him responsible for every cent of the $600.

I intended to let the thing rest; but it seemed that the gentleman found out it would not do to act so without an explanation, so he said, (as I heard,) that he was very sorry, indeed, that I did not teach there, but that he could not agree in running the risk by giving me $600, whether he had the twenty scholars or not, and pay me for every scholar above twenty at the same rate, which was not the contract he had proposed to me, and that I, by drawing up the last paper, had nullified the first.—This statement he had made to Mr. Watts. I heard so, and asked Mr. Watts if he was willing to go with me to Mr. Cosby and have an understanding of this matter. He was willing, provided, I would let him ask the gentleman, when it would be most convenient for him to see us? His answer was, that he was not ready for an interview, and up to this date, some three or four weeks, he has not shown any inclination to stand up like a man to what he said.

Now to show that the paper I presented him with had nothing in it except his own proposition, I ask any unprejudiced man if he did not offer me $600, for which I had to teach 20 scholars, if he had them? He told me himself how many he wished me to teach for the amount, and no man of common sense will understand that when he offers me $600 to teach 20 scholars, that he wants me to take over that number for the specified amount. But the Reverend gentleman objects to that part of the contract where it says he is to pay me in the same proportion for all scholars over twenty. I can prove by Mr. Watts that he said himself he had told me that I was to be paid for those over twenty; but he had not stated any amount. This acknowledgement is enough. If he offers me then a certain amount to teach twenty and says I shall be paid for those above, any man will understand that it means at the same rate, and more particularly as it is the custom in regard to all contracts made of this kind. And if the gentleman was really in good faith (which I hope he was, though it has very little appearance of it.) why did he not tell me, when I came to his house the next day after the school began? Why did he not tell me the last time I was at his house, and told him I had been asked (by a lady of this town) if a difficulty in regard to our contract was the reason I did not teach there? but no, when I told him all this he did not say anything, but laughed about it, as much as to say there was nothing of it. The paper I considered myself of very small value, and I had forgotten about it entirely, until the Reverend gentleman wants to make that paper the excuse of his conduct towards me in this matter. Why did he not come out like a man and say, 'I have not scholars enough to give you $600 per term, but take what is there, and if there will be twenty, well and good, and if not just take as many as I have.' But, no,—his answer to me, after I had given him to understand in our last interview to make out the list and see how many scholars he had, and we could come to some conclusion about it, was, I have no use for you.

Now I ask any honest business man in this community if he would first make a positive engagement with any man, and then retract, when he knows he has put the other one in a situation so he cannot get into another engagement for five or ten months.

I would not have laid the above facts before the public, had the Reverend gentleman shown any inclination to give me an interview, or to answer my letter. He has done neither; but insists upon spreading a report, which is calculated to throw the whole blame on my shoulders.

I have therefore laid the whole matter as it transpired from beginning to end before the public to let them judge who is the party to blame in this transaction.

Should the gentleman have any objections to any part of this communication I shall be glad to hear from him yet, and if I have done him any wrong unjustly, in the above statement and he can satisfy me of the same, I will cheerfully correct it.

Respectfully,
G. SCHAUB.

OHIO ELECTION.

Cincinnati, Oct. 20, P. M.

Full returns are received from thirty six counties, and reported majorities in thirty seven, which give a Whig gain on the State ticket of 10,000 votes.

On the Congressional ticket the gain is much larger.

There are fifteen counties yet to hear from.

GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE DAYS OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

From Gleason's Pictoral.

The long pent-up fires of Canadian discontent had at length burst forth throughout the whole extent of two provinces, from Quebec to Penetangoshene, in acts of open rebellion, which threatened ere long to grow into a popular and successful revolution. Thirty thousand American sympathizers, possessing, as a general thing, as little character as true courage, and less capacity than either, responded to the call of McKENZIE, PAPINEAU, and other equally patriotic Canadian demagogues, and were rallying their forces to various points along the whole American frontier, preparing, in defiance of all law, human or divine, to invade Canada, crush the galling yoke of Britain from off her enslaved colonists, revolutionize British America, and establish a model republic, under which every American liberator was to hold an office of trust and profit.

Commissions of Generals Commodores, Colonels, and army and navy Captains, were as plenty among the vagabond crusaders in Western New York, Ohio and Michigan, as were the floors of "wild cat" bank notes of the same period in the latter State.

I had taken a very active interest in the brigand crusade, and the "Canadian Congress" assembled in an obscure cellar in Cleveland, Ohio had rewarded my zeal by making me Captain in the Canadian navy, with the present command of a little fore-and-aft schooner, and that of a first class line-of battle-ship in prospective.

It was late in the season when I was dispatched to Buffalo with my vessel, for the purpose of taking in six old brass six-pounders, which were to constitute the schooner's battery when the war was fairly begun, and a considerable quantity of ammunition, together with three hundred muskets, dragoons' cutlassess, and pistols, *ad infinitum*, which were to be used by the patriot army in the West to commence the war with.

By the exercise of some little tact on my part, and a combination of lucky circumstances on the part of Providence, I succeeded in accomplishing my mission so far as to get the arms and munitions of war on board, and escaping from the harbor of Buffalo in a snow-storm while the half dozen United States Marshals were overhauling a harmless Canadian schooner to which I had directed their attention for my own benefit.

My instructions were to touch at Cleveland for the purpose of taking in a quantity of arms which had been collected there, and then to stop at Huron, where I would be met by Gen. McLEOD, of the patriot army, who would give me definite instructions as to my final destination.

I got into Cleveland without any trouble, and out again, by carrying off two deputy marshals, who came down to search the schooner, and landing them on the lake shore in the weeds, some miles to westward of the harbor.

My six "sixes" were buried under the ballast alongside the keelson—the powder stowed in flour barrels, buried full of holes, and oysters all around the kegs, while the balls were packed in red *red lead* casks, and the muskets, pistols, and swords, in long boxes, with plenty of hay showing through the joints, marked "*Bedsteads.*" So that I had little fear of being caught at Huron, particularly as the people there, to a man, and to a woman too, I think, were favorable to the piratical revolutionary movement.

It was nearly dark, on a cold, boisterous evening in December, when I arrived as the crew were all out on the long wooden pier which forms the western side of the harbor, bent on a tow-line "tracking" the schooner up towards the wharves. I saw a tall, military-looking man come along down the pier, point towards the vessel when he came near the men, and after making, as I judged, some hurried inquiries of them about her, he came towards me, and the moment he stopped opposite where I was standing at the helm, I recognized him, as Gen. McLEOD, the Commander-in-Chief of the patriot army of the West. I had never seen the General, but he had been described to me so very minutely that I could not be mistaken in him; besides, the moment he stopped, he passed a sign which served as the 'grand hailing sign' among the "hunters," a secret organization of which nearly every vagabond was a member, so that there could be no mistake in the matter—the man was no other than the veritable General McLeod himself.

"Good evening, Captain," he said, as soon as I had replied to the hail. "What luck Captain?"

"Good! All right, General. But come aboard, sir." And I gave the schooner a sheer in along-side the pier, so that he could step on deck.

A moment later, and he stood there beside the helm, a real HERCULES in stature, enveloped in a stout gray overcoat, with a fur cap turned down over his ears, while I gazed a few seconds in mute admiration upon the stalwart form of one of the "Iron Duke's" favorite veterans of the Peninsula and Waterloo. The General gave me the regular "hunter's grip," and then asked again.

"Well, Captain, what success?"

"Beautiful, sir," I answered. "Got 'em all right down there, fooled Uncle SAM's officers at Buffalo, gave two more of 'em a free passage for nine miles out of Cleveland, and set them ashore in the woods; and here I am, General, all square by the bits and braces, ready to fool 'Old Lundy's Lane,' General JOHN E. WOOL, and the other epaulletted 'preventatives' that I expect will be here in Huron before I get away."

"Good!" exclaimed the General, laughing heartily, "very good Captain. There's nothing like confidence in helping one out of a tight place. But you say that you have got everything safe?"

"Ay, General; so nicely stowed away that even the Argus-eyed SCOTT himself might ransack the schooner for a whole day, and fail to discover anything wrong. Got the cannons buried under the ballast, the powder stowed in oysters, bullets in red lead barrels, and the small arms packed in furniture boxes; so you see we're all safe, general."

"Yes, it would seem so; but look out that 'Old Ludy's Lane,' as you call him, don't get at your secret. He's in town, I believe, and there's the steamer *Constitution* lying up there, from which he has this very after noon taken a large quantity of arms and ammunition; so look out for him."

"I will, General; and if the old seven foot hero of Chippewa gets to wind'ard of me, I'll ship second mate to a lime-kiln, and use my commission, as captain in the Canadian navy, to light the fire with."

"Bravo, Captain! That's the sort of spirit. But come up and see me as soon as you get fast. Come and take supper with me. I'm incog., you know, this evening—stopping at Jenkin's Ohio Hotel—come up, will you!" and the moment I answered "yes," the General leaped ashore, and went off in a true military stride up the wharf towards the big hotel.

As I entered the hotel half an hour later, I was shown into the dining room, where the company were already at supper, and there at the head of the table sat the head of the patriot army, in a suit of plain clothes, while ranged along down on either hand, were several officers of the United States Army; and one of them, a stout, hard featured man in a brilliant uniform, I set him down at once as Major-General SCOTT.

General McLEOD smiled and nodded familiarly to me as I entered, and the seats near him being all filled, he pointed with his knife to one near the long table, into which I introduced myself without ceremony, and commenced playing knife and fork with the others.

I observed, during supper, that the officers toward the head of the table eyed the patriot general and myself very suspiciously; but no word was spoken to either of us, and I had very nearly finished my supper in silence, when a doctor, who was seated next to me, and with whom I was immediately acquainted, asked me in a low tone what I thought of the General.

"What General?" said I.

"Why, General SCOTT, of course."

"Well, then, I don't know, doctor, for I have never seen him; but one thing I *do* know; and that is, if he is half as noble looking an officer as *our* commander-in-chief up there at the head of the table is, the Americans may well be proud of him as the head of their army."

"Why, what in the name of nonsense do you mean, Captain?"

'Just this, doctor—that General DONALD McLEOD, there, at the head of the table, looks more like a hero than forty General SCOTT's."

"Captain, are you drunk or crazy?—Why, man, that is *General Winfield Scott, himself.*"

Down went my upraised tea cup with a crash that shivered it to atoms on the table, at this startling announcement; and leaping to my feet, I darted from the room through the hall, out into the street, and away down to the wharf like a locomotive, determined to get the schooner underweigh, and be off—somewhere, I didn't care where much, so that I escaped from "Old Lundy's Lane."

But I was too late, for I found the vessel in possession of some 50 United States soldiers, who were all working away like beavers, discharging my contraband cargo of patriot arms and ammunition.

I wandered about the streets for about an hour, feeling myself as completely sold as ever a man was, and so thoroughly ashamed of myself, that I didn't want to go where any one could see my face; till I was finally picked up by a lieutenant, who informed me that GEN. SCOTT wished to see me at the hotel.

I went like a dog going to be hung; and being ushered into the presence of the hero of Chippewa, General Wool, and about a dozen other United States officers. I received, in the first place, a great deal of good advice from Gen. Scott, and then a most pressing invitation to join the party in an oyster supper prepared from the bivalves which only an hour previously had served as overcoats to our patriot powder. I remained, and, before the party broke up I had made a public and most positive declaration, that if I ever engaged in another piratical expedition, it should be in some country where Major General WINFIELD SCOTT would not be likely to interfere with my sailing orders.

FRANCE.

Accounts from the south of France make it apparent that LOUIS NAPOLEON has thrown off all disguise respecting his designs on the Empire.

At the inauguration of the statue of NAPOLEON I., at Lyons, on 22d, he made a speech so full of significance that we copy it entire:

"Lyonese," he said, "your city has always been associated by remarkable incidents with different phases of the life of the Emperor. You hailed him Consul. You hailed him in his omnipotence Emperor, and when Europe had confined him on an island, you were again among the first, in 1815, to salute him as Emperor. To-day your city is the first to erect a statue to him. This fact is significant. Equestrian statues are only erected to sovereigns who have resigned, and it was on that account the Governments who preceded me have ever denied that homage to a power of which they would not admit the legitimacy. And yet who was more legitimate than the Emperor, thrice elected by the people, consecrated by the chief of religion, and recognized by all the continental powers of Europe, who were united to him bo bonds of policy and ties of blood?' The Emperor was the mediator between two hostile epochs. He destroyed the old *regime* by re-establishing all that was good in it. He destroyed the revolutionary spirit, by causing the blessings of the revolution everywhere to triumph. This is the reason why those who overturned him soon deplored their triumph. As for those who defended him, I need not call to mind how profoundly they lamented his downfall. On that account, when the people found themselves free to make a choice they directed their eyes to the heir of NAPOLEON, and it is for the same motive that, from Paris to Lyons, everywhere on my passage the unanimous cry of *vive l'Empereur* has been raised. But the cry is much more, in my eyes, a resolution that affects my heart, than a hope that excites my pride. A faithful servant of my country, I shall ever have but one object—that of reconstituting in this great country, convulsed by so many revolutions and Utopian schemes, a peace founded on conciliation of persons, on the inflexibility of the principles of authority, morality, and affection for the laboring and suffering classes, and of National dignity. We are only just emerging from those critical times, when, the notion of good and evil being confounded, the best minds were perverted. Prudence and patriotism require that at such periods the nation should pause and consider before it fixes its destinies, and it is still difficult for me to know under what name I can render the greatest services. *If the humble title of President could facilitate the mission confided to me, and before which I did not recede, I should not, from personal interest, desire to exchange that title for the title of Emperor.* Let us, then, deposite on this stone our homage to a great man. We thus honor both the glory of France and the generous gratitude of the people, and testify likewise the fidelity of the Lyonese to immortal souvenirs."

This speech was received with loud cries of *vive l'Empereur!* It was immediately transmitted by telegraph, and placarded in the streets of Paris. The President is now in Grenoble.

Letters from Strasburg of 20th bring details of the inundation of the Rhine. The country was completely submerged to an extent of 40 killometers. Six villages were under water and the seventh appeared as an island in the centre of a lake. Some of the embankments had been washed away, but at last accounts by telegraph, the flood was subsiding. Letters from Lausanne and Fridau, Switzerland, also complain of heavy freshets there.

Accounts from the Ile de la Reunion, (Bourbon) are to 9th July. Small-pox was raging there at that date. A French vessel, the *Grenouille*, of Marseilles, had been pillaged and burned on the western coast of Madagascar, the Captain and part of the crew had been massacreed, and one man taken prisoner by the Chief or King of Menahe.—The outrages will doubtless produce severe retribution on the part of France.

PARIS, Wednesday, Sep. 22, 5 P. M.

The following telegraphic despatches have been received in Paris:

"LYONS, Sep. 21, half-past 2 P. M.—Nothing was spoken of at Lyons after the departure of his Highness but the effect produced by the speech pronounced by him at the inauguration of the statue in the Place Napoleon. Every one is still under the impression of the thunder of the cries of *vive l'Empereur!*" which reechoed like the imposing noise of a popular coronation at the moment when his Highness declared that if the modest title of President would suffice for his mission, he had no ambition for any other."

"BOURGOIN, Sep. 21, half-past 11 A. M.—The Prince made his entry into the department of the Isere, at 9 o'clock A. M., amidst an immense concourse of people. The principal authorities, the President of the Council-General, the deputies, and the Mayor of Vienna, and the old soldiers of the Imperial Army, received him at St. Priest under a triumphal arch, which indicated the limit of the department. The most energatic cries of *vive l'Empereur* saluted him on his passage.

[From the New York Times.

The Duke of Wellington.

The life of the Duke of WELLINGTON seems to to have compiled with natural laws, so far as to concentrate its light at meridian. Its earlier and latter chapters are by no means brilliant. The imputations of a silly pride, and cowardice and cruelty, disfigured his years of early manhood. In his latter life he has been the very quintessence of high toryism: a sturdy opponent of popular developement. The extremeties, therefore, do not illustrate his career remarkably; it is only in that brilliant middle-age, extending from 1806 to 1816, that we see the character of the man and soldier fairly brought out.

The Duke of WELLINGTON was an Irishman, who turned his back upon Ireland, and avoided every occasion of ameliorating the condition of that hapless country. No appeal, however spirited or touching, could induce him to favor any measure, tending to relieve the distresses of his native island. It appeared to be a prominent object with him to leave his very nativity forgotten. He Anglicised himself, his language, his ideas, his politics. And with that anxiety, which marks the renegade, to eloign himself as far as possible from the forsaken object, he claimed no higher honor than to be a British soldier, and refused to allow any portion of his fame to enure to the honor of dispised Ireland.

It is well known that the family name of the Duke was WESLEY. JOHN WESLEY, that wonderful apostle of Methodism, however, wore the same name. It became the watchword of a new and prodigious religious movement. All the world went crazed for a while about WESLEY and his preaching. Wesleyans organized their chapels in every parish in England. It was too much for the Duke. The name was abandoned to the Evangelist, and Mr. ARTHUR WESLEY appeared under the amended cognomen of WELLESLEY, which is transmitted to his posterity. It is nevertheless doubtful whether JOHN WESLEY—the eloquent, the fervent, the faithful—will not be remembered, when ARTHUR WELLESLEY, the soldier, is only saved from oblivion by connection with the greater name of NAPOLEON.

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[To whom all communications on business must be addressed pre-paid.]

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Of 20·······"·········"·········$1 25 "
Of 30·······"·········"·········$1 00 "

☞The money must always accompany the names of Club subscribers.

JOB PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the first volume of the Herald, made several very necessary and handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to get up our work in a style that can not fail to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS,
BLANKS, BALL TICKETS BILLS,
POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, &C., & C.,

will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with Black, Blue, or Red Ink, on short notice. We are determined to use all means within our power to please those who favor us with their patronage.

☞GIVE US A CALL.

THURSDAY, - OCTOBER 21, 1852.

☞We see that the conductors of the "*Illustrated Family Friend*," a litterary weekly, published at Columbia, South Carolina, are sparing no pains and expense to make their paper instructive and valuable as well as entertaining. We think it eminently worthy the support and patronage of al who feel interested in the prosperity of Southern literature, which is closely interwoven with all the other great interests of Southern society.

☞The County Court of Marion has refused the people the privilege of voting on the question of subscribing to a railroad. This, so far as we know, is unprecedented.

☞Hon. C. S. MOREHEAD will speak here to-day. He is one of the ablest men in the State.

Pennsylvania—Results.

The *Evening Bulletin* (independent, and on politics one of the best informed journals in Philadelphia,) sums up the result of the Pennsylvania Election as follows:

State Ticket—Woodward, (Supreme Judge,) and Hopkins, (Canal Commissioner,) elected by 10,000 majority—both Opposition.

Senate—(Two Whig gain, 1 do. loss)—Whig 17, Opp. 15, Native 1.

House—(Several guessed at)—Whig 39; Opp 61.

Members of Congress—(Not all certain:)

Dist.	Whigs.	Dist.	Opposition.
2—	*Jos. Chandler	1—	*Th. B Florence
6—	Wm. Everhart	3—	Jno. Robbins jr.
9—	Isaac E. Heister	4—	*Wm H. Witte
10—	Ner Middleswarth	5—	*James M'Nair
12—	*H. M. Fuller?	7—	S. A. Bridges
17—	Sam'l L. Russell	8—	*J A Muhlenberg
18—	John McCulloch	11—	C. W. Straub
21—	David Ritchie,	13—	Asa Packer
22—	*Thos. M. Howe	14—	*G. A. Grow
23—	*John Allison,	15—	James Gamble
25—	Gen. John Dick	16—	*Wm. H. Kurtz
		19—	Augustus Drum
		21—	*J. L. Dawson
		24—	*C B Curtis

*Present Members. ?Dubois. Fair.

Total 11 Whigs, 14 Oppositon. The present Delegation consists of *eight* Whigs, *one* Free Soiler, and *fifteen* Opposition: Whig gain *two*.

THE STATE TICKET.

(Reported Majorities.)

	—1851—		—1852—			
	Governor.		Sup. Judge.		Can'l Com	
	Johnston, w.	Bigler dem.	Buffington w	Woodward	Hoffman w	Hopkins d
Berks		4765		4800		4407
Bucks		230		300		300
Lehigh		377		148		752
Lancaster	4838		3800		3800	
Dauphin	1000		600		600	
Chester	1000		700		700	
Luzerne		1438		1200		
Montour		518		300		308
Franklin	546		300		300	
York		1011		1000		1000
Allegheny	2814		2200		2000	
Carbon		587		700		700
Clinton		285		200		200
Westmoreland		2025		2200		2200
Lycoming		668		600		600
Fayette		553		800		800
Blair		591		600		600
Columbia	1017		900		900	
Huntingdon	411		300			
Cumberland		186		200		200
Phila. City	3287					
Phil a Co		528				
Centre		1091		1050		1000
Northampton		1523		1245		1160
Cambria		535				600

[For the Herald.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 19th, 1852.

Dear Sir:—As it was announced, on last Saturday night, that the Hon. G. G. DUNN was to address the Whigs at the Court House, on repairing there I was not a bit surprised to see such a large and respectable audience. In his speech he showed the benefit of home protection to the United States, the wealth it would pour into the Government coffers. The whole speech was powerful and subtle argument from beginning to end, and stamps Mr. DUNN as an orator of the first magnitude. After he had concluded, Col. Wm. PRESTON addressed the meeting in a brief and spirited speech, after the manner that no one but "*Bill Preston*" knows how. He is the same man that follows Gen. SCOTT to Washington from this district.

Throughout the city and all the public thoroughfares, large bills (with a chicken cock in "bold relief" caught the eye of the passing strangers), announcing that Mr. HOLT (the head and shoulders of Locofocoism in these parts) would make a speech in favor of electing FRANKLIN PIERCE to the Presidency. Of course a large number, both of Whigs and Democrats, assembled to hear him; but "*Ecce*." in his long and flowry speech did not mention one instance about FRANK PIERCE. This circumstance was throwing hot water on the rooster which made his tail feathers droop most lamentably; and the "unterrified" left the meeting dissatisfied with themselves, with their candidate, speaker, and party.

Enclosed you will find the life of *Gen. Pierce*, as written by GEN. CONSENT. This is the only true, authorised and unabridged edition yet issued, and for the minute *particulars* in the life of this "*Great Man*," you can place the utmost confidence, as it embraces his history from college, through public life unto his retirement, never more to assume the arduous task of government.

Our Theatre is now open with a star company; and in last night's play, Miss ELIZA LOGAN won fresh laurels for her brow, in her master character of "*Evadne or the Statue*."

The weather is warm and dry, partaking somewhat of the Indian summer. Business is as brisk as the low water will permit; for it seems as if the Ohio will never regain its station. Economical houskeepers open their eyes at the prospect of low water during the long winter; thus shutting off supplies from the coal regions, which commodity is selling at 16 cents per bushel.

Building operations still progress rapidly, and the city has been greatly enlarged during the past season. Yours,

"LITTLE JOHN."

A Thrilling Narrative.

James Morgan was a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's Station in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn. It was on the 17th of August, 1782. The sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood, the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad leaves of the corn waved to the air.

Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee. His young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he accidently found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they acknowleged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy in the faces of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its kind parent's feelings, by cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard, another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed—"Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next instant their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians.

The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious.—Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feeling overcame her—she arose, seized the infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between duty and affection took place. She once more pressed her child to her bosom, and again and again kissed it with impassionate tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. "In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child or be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife, and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the chamber, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back, and then throwing off some clapboards from the cabin's roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As the first approached he knocked him down with the butt end of the gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in.

The savage made a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child, now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendency; both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better and deeper, and the savage fell to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, basely engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life and called them to the scene of action.

Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited till it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him to the ground. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided near Bryant's station, at Lexington, where he left the child and the two brothers left for the dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view—his steps quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind.—Emerging from the cane brake, he beheld his house in flames and almost burned to the ground: "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces, and fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, and the luminary of heaven arose; and still found him seated near the expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of 'Eliza' on the ground, and his left hand lay on his favorite dog, by his side. Looking first on the ruins, and then on his master with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search, and found some bones burned to ashes, which they gathered and silently confined to the mother earth, beneath the high spreading branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue licks. The Indians came off victoriously, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt and saw his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair and applied the scalping-knife. At this moment Morgan cast up his eyes and recognized the handkerchief, that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased his activity to fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and, with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him; the scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band had, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle-ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak; its trunk supported his head. The ragged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with blood, that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead; then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness and gave additional terror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appaling by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, and the shrill and varied notes of the wildcat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart rending sensations and looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large, ferocious looking bear, covered all over with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to heaven, and, in breathless anxiety: awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed without noticing him. Morgan raised his head and was about to offer his thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him and awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hand over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes; steps approached, a cold chill ran over him. Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed—death, the most horrible, awaited him; his limbs would, in all probability, be torn from him and be devoured alive.—He felt a touch; the vital spark was almost extinguished. Another touch more violent than the first—and he was turned over.

The cold sweat run down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud—a faint ray beamed upon him; his eyes involuntary opened and he beheld his wife, who in a scarce audible voice exclaimed, "*My husband, my husband!*" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians entered the house they found some spirits, and drank freely; an alteration soon took place;—one of them received a mortal stab and fell; and the blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shreaked aloud and betrayed the place of her concealment.

She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse with a saddle and bridle rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action the prisoners were left unguarded—made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes near the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle-ground, she, with some other persons, who had escaped with her, determined to make search for their friends, and if on the field, and living, to save them if possible from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The Party of Col. Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant, and their home.

New Advertisements.

GRAHAM, FLOYD & CO.,
(Successors of Brannin, Breo & Cobb,)
PORK & BEEF PACKERS,
Upper end of Jefferson. street, on the Railroad,
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BEG leave to inform their friends and dealers in general, that they have laid up in store an extensive stock of BARRELS and SALT, and are prepared to make contracts for the approaching season. The members of this firm have a thorough knowledge of the business, one of them having had twelve years experience in it. They flatter themselves that they cannot be excelled in either work or prices by any other house. All orders they may be favored with shall be filled with prompt ness.

oct 21—$2 GRAHAM, FLOYD & CO.
[Lou. Democrat.]

FLOUR—Constantly on hand and for sale by COLLINGS & SUTHERLAND

BARDSTOWN POLEMIC SOCIETY.

This Society, now fully established, and which has met with much success since its organization, promises to answer the purpose for which it was intended, to wit: to improve youth in the art of public speaking. Young men wishing to become members of the above Society can hand in their petitions to the Secretary, or any one of its members.

Its meetings are held regularly every Saturday night, at the Collegiate Institute.

Oct 21 JAMES R. McKEE, Sec'y.

LOOK HERE.

I HAVE commenced the GROCERY business again. My Grocery is on the corner of 2nd and Chesnut Streets.

I have now in store and for sale
Sugar; Coffee; Molasses; Fish; Salt;
Tobacco, of various kinds;
Cigars, of different qualities;
Best Tea; Raisins; Almonds;
Best Brooms, and a variety of other articles.
Also—Boots and Shoes, of different qualities, of my own make.

All of which will be sold low for cash.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Flour, Corn Meal, Eggs, Butter, &c. &c. will be taken in exchange, on good terms, for any article in my line.

oct 21—2m H. PAYNE.

The only True Portrait of Washington.

JUST PUBLISHED,
T. B. WELCH'S MAGNIFICENT
PORTRAIT OF
WASHINGTON.
Engraved [by permission] from Stuart's *only* original portrait, in the Atheneum, Boston.

THIS superb picture, Engraved under the superintendence of THOS. SULLY, Esq., the eminent and highly gifted artist, is the only correct likeness of Washington ever published. It has been characterised as the greatest work of art ever produced in this country.—As to its fidelity, we refer to the letters of the adopted son of Washington, GEORGE WASHINGTON PARK CURTIS, who says, "it is a faithful representation of the celebrated original, and to CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY of the Supreme court of the United States, who says, "As a work of art its excellence and beauty must strike every one who sees it: and it is no less happy in its likeness to the Father of his country. It was my good fortune to have seen him in the days of my boyhood, and his whole appearance is yet strongly impressed on my memory. The portrait you have issued appears to me be an *exact likeness*, representing perfectly the expression as well as the form and features of the face.—And says SENATOR CASS, *it is a life-like representation of the great original.*—PRESIDENT FILLMORE says "the work appears to me to have been admirably executed and eminently worthy of the patronage of the public." Says MARCHANT the eminent portrait painter, and the pupil of Stuart, "your print to my mind it is more remarkable than any other I have seen, for presenting the *whole* individuality of the original portrait, together with the noble and dignified repose of air and manner, which all who ever saw him considered a marked characteristic of the illustrious man it commemorates."

For the great merits of this picture we would refer every lover of Washington to the portrait itself, to be seen at the office of this paper, and to the letters of the following Artists, Statesmen, Jurists and Scholars accompanying it.

ARTISTS.—Marchant and Eliott, of New York; Neagle, Rothermel, and Lambdin, of Philadelphia; Chester Harding of Boston; Charles Frazer, of Charleston, S. C.; and to the adopted son of Washington, Hon. Geo. W. P. Custis himself an artist. STATESMEN.—His Excellency Millard Fillmore, Major Gen. Winfield Scott, Hon. George M. Dallas, Hon. William R. King, Hon. Daniel Webster, Hon. Linn Boyd, Hon. Lewis Cass, Hon. Wm. A. Graham, Hon. John P Kenedy, Hon. R.C. Winthrop, LL. D. JURISTS.—Hon. Roger C. Taney, Hon. John Duer, Hon. John McLean, Hon. Rufus Choate. SCHOLARS. Charles Folsom, Esq., the well known Librarian of the Boston Atheneum, who says, "I would rather own it than any painted copy I have ever seen," E. P. Whipple, Richard Hildreth, Hon. Edw. Everett, LL.D, Jared Sparks, LL.D., William H. Prescott, LL.D., Washington Irving, Ralph W. Emmerson, Esq.; Prof. T. C. Upham, J. T. Headly, Fitz Green Halleck, H. W. Longfellow, Wm Gilmore Simms; and FROM EUROPE, Lord Talfourd, T. B. Macauley, Sir Archibald Alison, Lord Mayor of London &c. &c. &c. THE PRESS, throughout the entire Union, have with one voice proclaimed the merits of this superb engraving.

To enable all to possess this valuable treasure, it is sold at the low price of $5 per copy.

Published by GEORGE W. CHILDS, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch streets' Philadelphia.

WILLIAM W. SMITH,
Sole Agent for the State of Kentucky.

This Portrait can only be obtained from MR. SMITH, or from his duly authorized agents.

Arrangements have been made with the Post Office Department, by which copies of the Portrait can be sent to any point, per mail, in perfect order.

Persons by remitting FIVE DOLLARS to WM. W. SMITH, Louisville, Ky., will have a copy of the Portrait sent to them *free of Postage*.

Magnificent Gilt Frames, got up expressly for these Portraits, furnished at the low price of $5.00 each.

JUST ISSUED.
A MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT OF
GENERAL JACKSON.
Engraved by T. B. WELCH ESQ., after the original portrait painted by T. SULLY, ESQ.

This Portrait will be a match for the Washington, and is in every respect as well got up.

Price $5 per copy. Address as above.
October 21, 1852.

PLASTERING.

I AM now permanently situated in Bardstown and keep constantly on hand materi ls prepared for the Plastering business, and will execute jobs at the shortest notice.

may 5 '52—tf R. P. FOWLER.

The most extraordinary discovery in the World is the Great Arabian Remedy for Man and Beast.

H. G. Farrell's
Celebrated Arabian Liniment.

Every family should at once procure a bottle of the great Arabian remedy for man and beast, called H. G. Farrell's Arabian Liniment. It allays the most intense pains in a few minutes, restores the synovial fluid or joint water, and thus cures stiff joints; it penetrates the flesh to the bone, relaxes contracted cords, cures rheumatism and palsied limbs of twenty years' standing; also tumors, swelled neck, enlargement of the glands, and is the best medicine for ailments of cattle ever discovered, curing sweeny, spavins, splint, and all diseases which require an external application.

Sun pain of 10 years standing cured by H. G. Farrells Arabian Liniment.

Mr. H. G. Farrell.—Dear Sir: I had been afflicted with the "Sun Pain" for the last ten year and could never get relief except by bleeding; but by the use of H. G. Farrell's Arabian Liniment, applied over the temples about three or four times a day, it was entirely removed, and I have felt nothing of it since. I went into the stable one night, to apply it to a horse's sore leg and being very lame he stumbled and fell against my leg, crushing and bruising them so badly that they turned black as my hat, rendering them powerless. I applied your Liniment, and was well enough in a few days to go about again as usual. I also crushed my finger in a shocking manner, by letting a back log fall upon it; your Liniment soon healed it up, though JOHN B. M'GEE.

La Salle precint, Peoria co., Ill., Feb'y 6. 1849

Look out for Counterfeits!

The public are cautioned against another counterfeit, which has lately made its appearance, called W. B. Farrell's Arabian Liniment the most dangerous of all the counterfeits, because his having the name of Farrell, many will buy it in good faith without the knowledge that a counterfeit exists, and they will perhaps only discover their error when the spurious mixture has wrought its evil effects.

The genuine article is manufactured only by H. G. Farrell, sole inventor and proprietor, and wholesale druggist, No. 17 Main street Peoria, Illinois, to whom all application for Agencies must be addressed. Be sure you get it with the letters H. G. before Farrell's, thus H. G. FARRELL'S—and his signature on the wrapper, all are counterfeits.

Sold by
D. J. WOOD,
Wholesale and Retail Agent,
Bardstown, Ky.
J. F. Senour, Elizabethtown, Ky.
Wilson & Burba, Hodgenville, Ky.
L. Hoglan & Co., Shepherdsville.
Thomas Conn, Deatsville.
S. R. Samuels, Cane Spring.
G. W. Taylor, Springfield.

And by regular agents throughout the United States.

☞Price 25 and 50 cents, and $1 per bottle.

☞AGENTS WANTED in every town, village and hamlet in the United States, in which one is not already established. Address H. G. Farrell as above, accompanied with good reference as to character. responsibility, &c.

October 4, 1852—1y

WILSON'S HOTEL.

Main-Street, Hodgenville, Kentucky

The undersigned having opened the above House, which he has newly furnished, is now prepared to accommodate all who may patronize him. He also has good Stables, and trusty and prompt Ostlers.

SAM. WILSON.

Nelson Circuit Court.

James Carothers's Adm'r., Pl'ff,
vs.
Jas. Carothers's, crd's, & h'rs, Dfs
} On Petition in Equity.

THE Creditors and Heirs of the estate of James Carothers's, dec'd., are hereby notified that by order of the Nelson Circuit Court. I shall proceed, on Monday, the 1st of day of November next, at the law office of T. P. Linthicum, Esq., Bardstown, to take proof of all such claims as may be presented against said estate; also proof of such claims as may be due said estate and will continue taking such proof until the 20th of said month.

Sep 30—1w J. W. MUIR, Master Comm'r.

Nelson Circuit Court.

George Bean's, Adm'r., Pl'ff,
vs.
George Bean's Devisees, &c. Def.
James Barnes,
vs.
George Beans' Administrator,
} In Chancery—two Suits consolidated.

THE Administrator, Creditors and Devisees of George Bean, dec'd., are hereby notified that by order of the Nelson Circuit Court, I shall proceed at law office of T. P. Linthicum Bardstown on Monday, the 1st Nov to take proof of the assets of said estate and also of the liabilities of said decedant and will continue taking said proof until the 20th of said month.

Sep 30—1w J. W. MUIR, Master Comm'r.

CIRCULAR
OF THE
BARDSTOWN FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE next Session of this Institution will open as usual, on the First Monday of September and continue through two consecutive Terms of Twenty two Weeks each.

The Course of Instruction is liberal and thorough; the Teachers in the several Departments are of the first character; the Discipline is as Home-like as it can be made; and the accommodations, in respect to the Rooms, Board, &c, are extensive and good.—We feel justified while we once more earnestly invite the attention and solicit the patronage of those who desire to afford their daughters an accomplished education, based on the principles and conducted according to the liberal scale of Protestantism.

CHARGES.—TERM OF FIVE MONTHS.

Regular Course.

Primary Department,			$8,00
Junior	do	Section 1st	$12,0
		Section 2d	$16,00
Senior	do	Section 1st	$16,00
		Section 2nd	$18,00

Extra Course.

Instruction on Harp, with use Instrument,		$30,00
do Piano,	do	$20,00
do Guitar	do	$14,00
Drawing, plain and colored Crayons,		$12,00
Painting water colors and oils,		$15,00
French, Latin, or Greek, each		$10,00

Board in Institution, including Washing, Lights Fuel in Bed-Rooms, $ 2 per week

Charge for use of Books in the Academy Library, and use of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus not to exceed $3 50 per Term These at the option of Patrons.

Bardstown is remarkable for its healthfulness It is easy of access by good turnpike roads from Louisville, Nashville, Harrodsburgh, &c. and having a Telegraph office, ready communication may be had between the pupils and patrons of the Academy

Communications addressed to the Principal, or to any member of the Board of Trustees, will receive prompt attention.

J. V. COSBY, Principal.

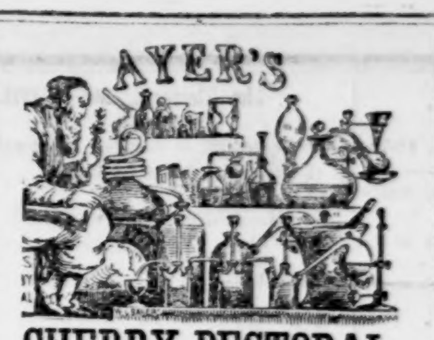
TRUSTEES.—Charles Nourse, J Wood Wilson, T. P. Linthicum, Joseph Brown, Hon. C A Wickliffe, Wm Sutherland, Jacob Rizer, Thomas S. Speed, James M. Doom

Bardstown Ky, Aug. 12, 1852.

OWEN'S HOTEL:
[Late FRANKLIN HOUSE.]
Corner Sixth and Main Sts., Louisville.

THE undersigned has taken the above House, which has been refitted and put in complete repair for the accommodation of visitors. It is pleasantly situated, and in a central part of the city convenient to business. From a long experience in the business and by strict attention to the comfort of his guests the proprietor hopes to obtain a liberal share of public patronage. His table will always be supplied with the best the market affords, and his charges will be moderate.

W. R. OWEN.
apr7 1y



CHERRY PECTORAL,

For the rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

MANY years of trial, instead of impairing the public confidence in this medicine, has won for it an appreciation and notoriety by far exceeding the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Nothing but its intrinsic virtues and the unmistakable benefit conferred on thousands of sufferers, could originate and maintain the reputation it enjoys. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the communities, have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benfits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

While it is a fraud on the public to pretend that any one medicine will infallibly cure—still there is abundant proof that CHERRY PECTORAL does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably cure the maladies for which it is employed.

As time makes these facts wider and better known, this medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log cabin of the American peasent, to the palaces of European Kings. Throughout this entire country in every State, city, and indeed almost every hamlet it contains, Cherry Pectoral is known as the best remedy extant for diseases of the Throat and Lungs, and in many foreign countries, it is coming to be extensively used by their most intelligent Physicians. In Great Britain, France and Germany, where the medical sciences have reached their highest perfection, Cherry Pectoral is introduced and in constant use in the Armies, Hospitals, Alms Houses, Public Instruction, and in domestic practice, as the surest remedy their attending Physicians can employ for the more dangerous affections of the lungs. Also in milder cases, and for children it is safe, pleasant effectual to cure. In fact, some of the most flattering testimonials we receive have been from parents who have found it efficacious in cases particularly incidental to childhood.

The Cherry Pectoral is manufactured by a practical Chemist, and every ounce of it under his own eye with invariable accuracy and care. It is sealed and protected by law from counterfeits, consequently can be relied on as genuine without adulteration.

We have endeavored here to furnish the community with a medicine of such intrinsic superiority and worth as should commend itself to their confidence—a remedy at once safe, speedy and effectual, which this has by repeated and countless trials proved itself to be; and trust by great care in preparing it with chemical accuracy, of uniform strength to afford Physicians a new agent on which they can rely for the best results, and the afflicted with a remedy that will do for them all that medicine can do.

Prepared And Sold By James C. Ayer,
Practical and Analytical Chemest,
Lowell, Mass.

Sold in Bardstown by Dr. H. Cox, and by Druggists and dealers in Medicines everywhere. [jy 22

Hewett's National Daguerrean Gallery.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

NEXT TO NORTHERN BANK, CORNER OF FIFTH AND MAIN, AND OPPOSITE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL OFFICE.

HEWETT'S old friends in Bardstown and vicinity will please call and see him when in Louisville, "the latch string is never pulled

J. M. HEWETT,
T. F. BROWN, } Operators.

Presidential Election.

There will be an election for President and Vice President, held on Tuesday, the 2d day November, 1852, in Nelson county, at the following places, to-wit:

District No. 1, Bardstown,
" " 2, Chaplain,
" " 3, Bloomfield,
" " 4, Fairfield,
" " 5, Davis's,
" " 6, Boston,
" " 7, New Haven,
" " 8, Ballard's,
" " 9, Bardstown,

E. H. M'KAY,
Oct. 7, 1852, te S. N. C.

RAUH & BRO.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, customers and the public in general that have opened our new stock of

FALL AND WINTER
READY MADE CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS
And Gentlemen's Furnishing GOODS,

which they will sell at our usual CHEAP prices, warranting the Quality, Cut, Style and Make to be superior to articles formerly brought to this place, as all of their materials are bought from the first hands, in this country or directly imported from the factories in Europe, and the manufacturing is superintended by one of the firm, who has practiced for several years in the most extensive clothing manufacturing houses in this country, and who is now applying himself exclusively to the business.—We make up Clothing only for our Retail Stores here, and in several other States, and make it a point to engage the best hands by paying higher wages for making, and therefore insure every Garment to be equal to custom made Clothing.

To enumerate all the articles is too tedious; and suffice it to say, that they can dress

Boys, Youths and Men in fifteen Minutes,

in fashionable styles and different low prices according to quality.

We have also a large lot of

Pocket Cutlery, Trunks, Carpet Bags, Plush, Cloth and Oil Cloth Caps; Silk, Woollen and Cotton Undershirts, Drawers, Shirts and Standing Collars, in great variety, which they will sell cheap.

All DRY GOODS they sell at cost to close them out, and they have on hand a good many Shawls, Silk Dress Patterns, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings, and Insertings; Calicoes, Ginghams bleached Cottons, white and plaid Linseys, Dress Handkerchiefs, Needle-worked Collars, Veils, Ladies' Misses and Women's Shoes, in which we sell great bargains.

Call and persuade yourselves of our ability and desire to satisfy all that want to buy any thing in our line

RAUH & BRO.

A lot of good Woolen Socks wanted.
September 23d, 1852.—1y

To all whom may Concern,

AND particularly the heirs of Jesse Davis, dec'd., Take notice that I shall, on the 25th day of October, 1852, meet at my house in Nelson county, with Processioners of Nelson county and a Surveyor, to survey and Procession my Land, and to take such proof as may be necessary. I shall continue from day to day until the processioning is finished.

PORTER J. STONER.
September 23rd, 1852—4t p'd

NOTICE TO FEEDERS & DROVERS.

JACKSON, OWSLEY & CO. offer the following PREMIUMS for the best lot of HOGS slaughtered and packed at their packing house in this city (Louisville, Ky.) the ensuing season:

For the best lot of 1,000 Hogs, a handsome SILVER COFFEE URN.

For the best lot of 500 Hogs, a handsome SILVER MILK PITCHER.

For the best lot of 250 Hogs, a handsome SILVER CREAM PITCHER.

Premiums to be awarded at the close of the packing season, when the awards will be published. [sep16a$3

[Louisville Journal.]

Dr. Guysott's Improved Extract of
YELLOW DOCK & SARSAPARILLA

IS NOW PUT UP IN THE LARGEST sized Bottles, and is acknowledged to be the best Sarsaparilla made, as is certified by the Wonderful Cures it has performed, the original copies of which are in the possession of the Proprietor. Remember, this is the only True and Original article.

The Medicine, when used according to directions,

Will Cure, Without Fail

Scrofula or Kings Evil, Cancers, Tumors, Eruptions of the Skin, Erysipelas, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetters, Scald Head, Rheumatism Pains in the Bones or Joints, old Sores and Ulcers; Swelling of the Glands, Syphilis, Dyspepsia, Salt Rheum, Disease of Kidneys, Loss of Appetite, Disease arising from the use of Mercury, Pain in the Side and Shoulders, General Debility, Dropsy, Lumbago, Jaundice and Costiveness.

THE BEST FEMALE MEDICINE KNOWN.

The peculiar maladies to which females are subject, commonly produce great bodily exhaustion, accompanied by a depressed and often gloomy state of mind. As the system declines in strength, there is a loss of nervous power, and this very naturally impairs the energy of the mind and disturbs the equanimity of the temper. Every candid woman who has suffered from female complaints will admit this to be the mournful truth. Now, to obtain relief, it is only necessary to stop the tendency to depletion and debility. This is done by renewing that fountain of health and strength, the BLOOD, and no medicine accomplishes this desirable result so speedily and complete as "Dr. Guysott's Improved Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla."

Ladies of pale complexion and consumptive habits, and such as are debilitated by those obstructions which females are liable to, are restored, by the use of a bottle or two, to bloom and to vigor.

Scrofula and Cancer cured by Dr. Guysott's Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.

RUTLEDGE, Granger county, Tenn., }
April 27th, 1852. }

J. D. Park, Esq., Cincinnati, O.—Dear Sir: It gives me great satisfaction to add my testimony in favor of "Dr. Guysott's Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla," to that of the numerous and highly respectable persons who have been benefited by the medicine.

My wife has been suffering for the space of nearly five years with Scrofula and Cancer, which, I think, found its origin in the derangements of the system peculiar to her sex, while in the mean time she was under the care of the most eminent Physicians in this section of country, without deriving any material aid from their prescriptions.

Upon the recommendation of Dr. Crockes, one of our Physicians, who had seen the medicine used with happy effect, I obtained of our Agents here, (Messrs. Rice & McFarland,) one bottle of Dr. Guysott's Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla," and as my wife found relief from that bottle, I bought some six bottles which she has taken with the most astonishing benefit, for I am pleased to say it has entirely cured her, for she has entirely recovered from her illness, and the Scrofula and Cancer are cured sound and well.

Accept my gratitude. Respectfully,
MICHAEL GOLDMAN.

Extract of a Letter from an extensive Merchant in Plainfield, Livingston county, Michigan.

Plainfield, Mich April 8, 1852.

Mr. John D. Park—Dear Sir:—Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is performing some astonishing cures in this places. A Mr. S. B. Strickland has just informed me that one of his children has been entirely cured of a very severe case of Scrofula by the use of only one bottle. He had tried almost every thing that the Doctors had prescribed, but all of no avail, as the child continued getting worse. The sores are now all healed up and the child apparently well, which is justly ascribed to the use of the Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.

[Signed] Yours, truly, R A. BEAL.

Females Read the Following:

NEWARK, N. J. Jan. 25.

Mr. Bennett:—We take pleasure in stating that your Yellow Dock Sarsaparilla gives great satisfaction in every case.

A very respectable gentleman informed me that his daughter was troubled with difficult menstruation and other diseases peculiar to her sex. She had not had her regular menstrual discharge for a long time; but by the use of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla was radically cured. She used Townsend's and others without receiving the slightest benefit. He had one daughter die from the same cause.

J. B. TRIPP & CO.

☞Price one dollar per bottle—six bottles for five dollars.

Sold by J. F. PARK, Cincinnati, O, North-east corner of Fourth and Walnut sts—entrance on Walnut street—to whom all orders must be addressed.

Also sold by Dr. D. H. Cox, Bardstown; J. F. Senour, Elizabethtown; J. W. Rogers, Hodgenville; S. Johnson, New Haven; A. S. Burleigh Shepherdsville; J. W. Showalter, Mt. Washington.

DR. J. T. M'ELVANEY,

DETERMINED to remain permanently in Bardstown, tenders his Professional services to the citizens of Bardstown and Nelson County, in the various branches of his Profession. He has taken the Office recently occupied by T. P. Linthicum, Esq., and next door to the room occupied by M'Elvany & M'Cown, immediately opposite to the Mansion House, where he may be found at all times during the business hours of the day, unless professionally absent

Dissolusion of Copartnership.

THE Copartnership of the undersigned is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—All those indebted to the firm either by note or account, are hereby notified that payment must be immediately made; and those having claims against the firm are requested to present them for payment.

Either party is authorized to settle the business of the firm.

COLLINGS & WELLS.

New Firm.

WM. Sutherland, Jr., having purchased the interest of C. C Wells in the firm of Collings and Wells, the business will be conducted at the old stand by the undersigned, where they hope to be able to supply the public with Groceries, at very low prices.

Call and see for yourselves.

COLLINGS & SUTHERLAND.
July 15, 1852.—tf

WANTED.

GINSENG, Bees wax, Bacon, Lard, Flaxseed, for which we will pay the highest market price in cash or groceries.

jy 15 COLLINGS & SUTHERLAND.

THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, - OCTOBER 12, 1852.

☞All Communications addressed to the Editor must be pre-paid.

☞Single copies of the HERALD for sale at the Office. Price, 5 cents

WHIG TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

For Vice President,

WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.

Electors for the State at Large.

JOSHUA F. BELL, *Of Boyle.*

CHARLES S. MOREHEAD, *Of Franklin.*

District Electors.

1st	District—	Lucien Anderson, of Graves.
2d	do	J. S. M'Farland, of Daviess.
3d	do	John G. Rogers, of Barren.
4th	do	Tho. E. Bramlette, of Adair.
5th	do	John L. Helm, of Hardin.
6th	do	C. F. Burnam, of Madison.
7th	do	John Rodman, of Oldham.
8th	do	Th. F. Marshall of Woodford.
9th	do	Leander M. Cox, of Fleming.
10th	do	T. B. Stevenson, of Mason.

Atlantic and Pacific Canal.

Mr. Catherwood, the artist, has left New York for Chagres, in connexion with the London project of constructing a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien. The N. Y. Post furnishes the following particulars:

The route has the advantage of any others proposed, that it is shorter and is to be so constructed as to accommodate vessels of every dimensions and tonnage. It is designed to communicate between San Miguel on the Pacific, and the nearest point on the opposite shore—a distance of about fifty miles; of which only thirty would require to be cut, the remaining twenty being navigable by a small river which empties into the Gulf of Darien.

It is proposed to make the canal thirty feet deep, and to construct it without locks, which the formation of the country and the peculiar tidal currents of the two opposite waters seem to make it not only practible but preferable.

It has been ascertainned that the waters in the Caribbean Sea rise and fall 24 inches while that of the Pacific rise and fall 24 feet. This curious ordination of nature, would give to the waters of a canal communication between the two seas, a tide each way once a day, with twelve feet head—a sufficient motive force to deliver vessels from one side to the other in a single tide without any other propulsion, thus rendering the tow path and locomotive power of all kinds, superfluous whether for sail vessels or steamboats.

The deepest cut to be made in the whole distance is only one hundred and twenty-five feet, and the cost is estimated at £7,000,000. The prominent parties to the project in London are Messrs. Fox & Henderson, the architects of the Crystal Palace.—They have procured a survey to be made by Mr. Gisborne, an eminent English engineer, from whose report we gather most of the foregoing particulars. Abbott Lawrence, our late Minister to England, also, is understood to have an interest in the enterprise.

From the character of the parties, and the encouraging tenor of Mr. Gisborne's report, there is reason to hope that a ship channel is destined finally to be opened between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in New Grenada.

SCOTT IN LOUISIANA.—There are every day new and cheering indications of the growing popularity of General SCOTT in this State. His supporters—and even the most cautious and intelligent of them—are confident that the voice of Louisiana will be not the least hearty and enthusiastic in the throng of her sister States uniting in common phalanx to call him to the Presidential chair, and, under his lead to win for him, in November next, a new victory.

Letters from every section of the State speak in the most cheerful and hopeful tone. Every where the friends of "Old Chippewa," counting in their host not a few of their Democratic fellow-citizens, are moving in his behalf, and the opposition to him is totally wanting in energy and zeal. We scarcely open a single exchange from the parishes, which, whether Whig or Democratic, is not filled with notices or announcements of SCOTT and GRAHAM rallies.—*N. O. Crescent, Sept.* 21.

The French Government, in order to maintain the right of Peru to the Lobos Islands, has notified the ship-masters of Havre, who are desirous of taking part in the guano spoils, that it will not afford any protection to French vessels that may proceed to the island to load guano.—Any adventurous French captain who might proceed on such an expedition would run the risk of being punished as a robber. As France and England have both recognized the claims of Peru, it follows that the United States cannot do otherwise.

CANINE SAGACITY.—'I was travelling,' says M. Blaze, 'in a diligence. At the place where we changed horses I saw a good-looking poodle dog, which came to the coach door and sat upon his two hind legs, with the air of one begging for something.' 'Give him a sou,' said the postillion to me, 'and you will see what he will do with it.'—I threw to him the coin; he picked it up ran to the baker's and brought back a piece of bread, which he ate. The dog had belonged to a poor blind man, lately dead; he had no master, and begged alms on his own account.

A fellow coming out of a tavern one frosty morning, rather top heavy, fell on the door step, trying to regain his footing, he remarked-

"If it be true that the wicked stand on slippery places, I must belong to a different class, for it's more than I can do."

The Electoral Vote in 1852.

The following is the full Electoral vote of of the different States for 1852:

Maine	8
New Hampshire	5
Vermont	5
Massachusetts	13
Rhode Island	4
Connecticut	6
New York	35
New Jersey	7
Pennsylvania	27
Delaware	3
Maryland	8
Virginia	15
North Carolina	10
South Carolina	7
Georgia	10
Florida	3
Ohio	23
Indiana	13
Illinois	11
Iowa	4
Wisconson	5
Michigan	6
Kentucky	12
Missouri	9
Alabama	9
Louisiana	6
Tennessee	12
Mississippi	7
Arkansas	4
Texas	4
California	4
Whole number of votes	295

Necessary to a choice 148.

Slave Ssates, including Delaware, 15; electoral vote, 119. Free States, 16; electoral vote, 176.

At a small town where Jenny Lind and Barnum had stopped to rest, the latter told the folks that if they would raise him $1500 he would let them hear Jenny sing. The proposition was agreed to, and a large barn was procured, which comfortably held about 500 people, which at $3 per ticket made up the sum demanded. The audience seemed delighted and satisfied, and as Jenny was singing her last song for the night, the "Bird Song"—a tall hoosier looking fellow, who seemed to think that he had been "sorter" taken in $3 worth, exclaimed, on Jenny repeating the words,

"I know not, I know not why I am singing."

"The darnation ye don't! Well, I can tell ye—ye are singing for $e500 a lick—$3 a top-knot all round; and there's no use in tellin' folks you don't know why yer singing. I guess dad's corn will find out." A dreadful explosion took place, and Barnum was found among the ruins of the big fiddle. So the story goes.

CRYING BABIES.—The subjoined article is sent to the New York Sun by a correspondent. We copy it for the sake of suffering humanity:

Having heard of an important discovery, made some years ago, of a ready mode of silencing squalling children, I lately on board of a car, on my way from Newark here, embraced an opportunity of testing its virtues, with the most satisfactory result, upon one of the loudest and most incorrigible little squallers, I think, that ever shocked my weak nerves. The process is a very simple one. All I did was to press one finger gently and repeatedly across the cartilage of the child's nose, and in less than a minute, to the great amusement of the passengers, it was fast asleep. Believeing so desirable a piece of information should be generally known, I have concluded to give it publicly.

Sally Ann Sharp's Curiositics.

"Pa, do chimneys make pictures?"

"No, child; why do you ask?"

"Why, I heard Mr. Lampledon say ours draws well."

"Ma, have steamboat boilers wings?"

"Oh, don't bother me—go!"

"Why, la! I heard a gentleman talk about a boiler *flue*."

"Pa, can that gold ring of ma's run?"

"No, child, no."

"Well, I heard a gentleman say that it was chased."

"Ma, can steamboat wheels hug?"

"No, child, what put such a thought into oour head?"

"Why, I heard a man talking about wheel-arms, I did."

[To be continued as soon as the creek falls.]

Napoleon was one day searching for a book in the library of Malmaison, and a length discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, who was present, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying, "Permit me, sire; I am higher than your magesty." "You are longer, Marshal," said the Emperor, with a frown.

New Advertisements.

Special Notices.

Messrs. JOHNSTON & GIBBONS, Proprietors, of the Louisville "Mercantile Advertiser," are authorized to act as Agents for the Bardstown Herald for Louisville and Jefferson county. [oct. 14.

MASONIC.

Rowan Chapter No. 31, of Royal Arch Mason meets regularly on the 2nd Saturday in each month

Major Barbour Lodge No. 181, A. Y. M., meets regularly on the 2nd Monday [count court day] and on the 4th Monday in each month.

Duvall Lodge No. 99, A.Y M. meet regularly on he 1st and 3rd Saturdays in each month.

Transient brothers in good standing are respectully invited to attend.

I. O. O. F.

Sisco Lodge No. 58 of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows meets regularly every Wednesdey Evening Transient brothers in good standing respecrfully invited to attend.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Nelson Division No. 48 Sons of Temperance meet regularly every Saturday Evening. Transint brothers are invited to attend.

E CLAMPSUS VITUS.

Wapsipinico Lodge meets regularly on the first Monday in each month, at 7 o,clock, P. M. Transient brethren are invited to attend.

(Advertisement)

☞ DR. GUYSOTT'S IMPROVED Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is a sure remedy for Hereditary Taint.

Thousands of individuals are cursed with grievous complaints, which they inherit from their parents. The use of the Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla will prevent all this, and save a vast amount of misery, and many valuable lives, for it *thoroughly expels from the system the latent taint*, which is the seed of disease, and so takes off the curse by which the sins or misfortunes of the parents are so often visited upon the innocent offspring.

Parents owe it to their children to guard them against the effects of maladies that may be communicated by descent, and children of parents that have at any time been affected with Consumption, Scrofula or Syphilis, owe it to themselves to take precaution against the disease being revived in them.—Guysott's Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is a sure antidote in such cases. See advertisement.

(Advertisemeni.)

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC WONDER! IMPORTANT TO DYSPEPTICS.—DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN, *The True Digestive Fluid*, or *Gastric Juice*, prepared from RENNET, or the FOURTH STOMACH OF THE OX, after directions of Baron LIEBIG, the great Physiological Chemist, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., This is truly a wonderful remedy for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE, LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION, and DEBILITY, curing after NATURE'S OWN METHOD, by NATURE'S OWN AGENT, the GASTRIC JUICE, Pamphlets, containing scientific evidences of its value, furnished be agents gratis. See notice among the medical advertisements.

[Advertisement.]

In our columns may be found the advertisement of that excellent medicine known as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its succuss in curing the various diseases of the Lungs is attracting universal attention, not only of the learned philanthropic, but of the whole public. The article undoubtedly is what it pretends to be, a *remedy* for Lung Complaints, and the remarkable cures which are becoming known every where cannot long be overlooked by the people.

☞The following invitatiwhich w no copy from the Danville Tribune, is soul stirring:

Grand Whig Mass Meeting.

RALLY, WHIGS, RALLY!!

The Whigs of Boyle and the adjoining counties, will hold a grand *Basket Meeting*, AT CALDWELL'S MEETING HOUSE, in Boyle county, on Monday, October 25th 1852.

Hon. C. S. MOREHEAD,
" J. B. THOMPSON,
" R. P. LETCHER,
" J. F. BELL,
" J. L. HELM,
" J. SPEED SMITH,
" T. F. MARSHALL,

And a host of other good Whigs, will be in attendance, and will address the people. Come one!—Come all!!

Come from the hills where your cattle are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the doe,
Come from the woods where the Scott fire is blazing,
Come from the plains and the vallies below;
Come from the peaks where the eagles are screaming.
Come from the forests where wild flowers bloom,
Come from the cottage where young Hope is dreaming,
Come, and dispel from our country its gloom.
Come upon horseback, but come without *tumbling!*
Come in your carriages, wagons and carts,
Come where the thunder of freemen is rumbling,
Come and replenish the hope of your hearts,
Come in good spirits, and come without *Fainting!*
Come with your neighbors, your friends and what not—
Come, for the truth will be quite animating,
Come, and hear orators talk about Scott.

There will be room enough for all, and plenty of provisions for thousands!

The people of Kentucky, Whigs and Democrats, are invited to attend, The Ladies are especially requested to come and cheer us onward in the glorious work of elevating the gallant Chieftain to the Presidency.

HURRAH FOR SCOTT AND GRAHAM!!!

Miscellaneous.

WONDERFUL PROOF!

Dr. Blackwell's

Compound Sirup of Sarsaparilla and Iris Versicola.

IN this age of humbuggery, it behooves every one to guard with a suspicious eye in the interests of individuals and cliques. And even then the dazzling splendor of outward show insinuates itself into the favor of many, and they become willing dupes to unholy ends.—Thus it is we see Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritual Rappings, absorbing too much of the attention of rational and intelligents beings, even to the dethroning of their supreme intelligence. ALL feeling an interest in their own, and the welfare of the community, and in the further extension of that watch is useful, we would recommend to their serious consideration

Dr. Blackwell's Compound Sirup of Sarsaparilla and Iris Versicola,

and request the same investigation, by way of trial, that has been extended to other objects of less importance. He asserts its superiority to any ssmilar compound ever yet introduced, and defies the public to produce its equal for the cure of the following Diseases: Scrofula, or Kings Evil, Dyspersia, Jaundice, Female Diseases, Eruptions of tha Skin, Swelled Glands, and all disoases arising from an impure state of the blood

In testimony of the eminent virtue of this Compound we subjoin a certificate from a reliable citizen with the opinion of an excellent physician:

LOUISVILLE, June 3, 1852.

Dr. Blackwell—Dear Sir: I wish through this medium to inform you of the success of your Sarsaparilla upon my little daughter.—She is now eight years of age. From her infancy she has been troublee with a breaking out over her body, resembling Scrofula. At times her arms and legs were covered over with large running sores. Towards the close of last winter she grew so much worse than she had been before, that I became alarmed, and was about making application to a Physician when I accidentally heard of your Sarsaparilla as being A GREAT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD. I immediately procured a bottle and commenced its use.—Before the first was used up I could see a marked change for the BETTER. Continued its use until the third bottle was taken, when an ENTIRE CURE was effected. I am now happy to say she enjoys better health than she ever did before. In justice to you I must say I consider your Sarsaparilla one of the dest medicines now in use for purifying the blood, and curing all diseases arising from its impurity. With this, please accept my most sincere thanks and well wishes. J. A. DOUGHERTY.

☞Here is the opinion of a Physician of the city, whose statement cannot be called in question:

Dr. I. P. Blaskwell—Sir: In reply to yours I will state, that I have examined your receipt for your Compound Sirup of Sarsaparilla and Iris Versicola, and consider it an excellent ALTERATIVE Compound.

Resp'fully, J. M. BUCKLY, M. D.

☞Prepared and for sale wholesale and rehail by VAUGHN & BLACKWELL, Louisville: Also by DR. D. H. COX, Bardstown.

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Patent Medicines.

Miscellaneous.

Miscellaneous.